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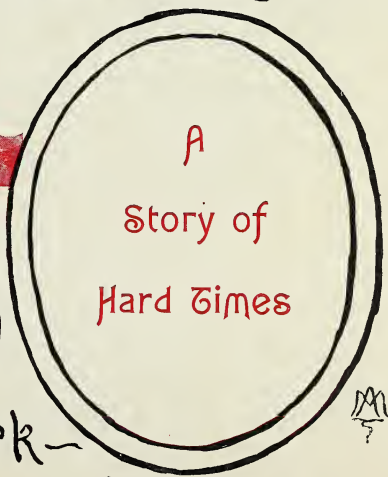
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Callie's  
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A  
Story of  
Hard Times

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**LIST OF PAULINE PHELPS'S PIECES CONTINUED ON THIRD COVER PAGE.**

# *A Story of Hard Times.*

*By PAULINE PHELPS.*

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**O**F course, ye read about it in the papers, sir; an' may be ye've imagined how the workin' class felt about the hard times; but I tell ye, there can't no imaginin' nor newspapers nor hearsay—nothin' but jest havin' been there yerself can make ye realize the feelin' that comes over a man when he walks up to git his Saturday night pay, an' in the envelope is a slip sayin' the force must be cut down an' he won't be needed there any more.

It don't so much matter if he's alone in the world, but it generally happens he ain't. An' when I read that slip, the first thing I thought wa'n't about gittin' another place, or bein' disappointed myself, but the way my wife would look when I broke the news to her. There was the little girl too.

I tell ye, sir, I never had many chances, an' my wife's education ain't much to boast of, either; but we talked it over between us, an' made up our minds our Nell should have a show, go through the high school an' through college, too, if she wanted, an' keep on jest as long as we was able to work for her.

"Never mind," says my wife. "You ought to git another place, an' if ye don't, the shops will start up in a week or two, an' a little vacation will do ye good."

I wa'n't so sure about the shops startin' up, but I'd always held that a strong, able-bodied man, that kep' away from rum, could find work somewhere; an' the next Monday mornin' I started out to look for it. I tried the machine-shops first. They was all runnin' short, an' some of them jest laughed when I asked for a job.

"Ye're the seventh that's been here this mornin'," one boss



said. "What do ye suppose we want of you when we can't keep our own hands employed?"

Times was hard, I knew, an' that wa'n't much more than I expected; but I hadn't reckoned on gittin' the same answer at every other place. I wa'n't particular after a while. I tried them all,—grocery stores an' butcher shops an' expressman's an' wood yards. An' every time I come home my wife would ask, meanin' to make her voice sound as if she wa'n't much concerned: "Well, did ye find any work to-day?" An' I'd answer, cheerful as I could, because of little Nell takin' in every word:

"No, didn't seem to git along very well to-day. Presume, likely, I'll strike somethin' to-morrow."

But the next day things would go on jest the same, an' I begun to feel discouraged. We hadn't much laid by. I'd taken out a three-thousand-dollar life-insurance, in case anything should happen; but when times are prosperous folks git into the notion of thinkin' they're goin' to continue that way an' spendin' the money as it comes. An' there was the rent to pay, the same as if I was to work. An' the grocer sent in word he'd got to have the cash hereafter. I pawned my watch—a silver one, but it brought a little—an' the ring I gave my wife once for her birthday, an' a locket of little Nell's. An' one night ye might have seen me sneakin' out of the back door with my winter overcoat done up in a bundle; an' another time it was my wife's silk dress, an' then the rug from the parlor. Always at night, though; for, however poor a man gits, it hurts his pride to have his neighbors know he ain't had foresight to provide for a day like this.

Ye remember that hot spell we had the last part of July? I come home one of them days when I'd been lookin' for work, to find Nell lyin' on the sofy with hardly strength to raise her head; an' then my wife let on she'd been sort of ailin' for a week or two, but made her promise not to tell, because papa would want to get her a doctor, an' she was sure he couldn't afford it. There was jest two dollars in

my pocket, but she had that doctor in less than half an hour. He laughed an' told her he guessed she'd been playin' too hard, an' a little medicine would make her all right; but when he got me out in the hall he sobered down.

"I find considerable trouble with the heart," says he; "no settled disease, but she seems much run down. Has she been frettin' over anything? Anything on her mind?"

I told him I was out of work, an' I presumed she was botherin' about that.

"Oh, yes; she sees you lookin' gloomy, I suppose, an' it reacts on her. Now I am goin' to speak plainly with ye. Cheerfulness is one thing yer daughter must have. Send her into the country for a month; or, if ye can't afford to do that, keep her from frettin' about things she can not help. As for the hard times, most people are worryin' themselves unnecessarily. Business will be in full swing again by the middle of October. Good day."

I stood there an' looked after him, an' wondered what difference it would make what happened by the middle of October, if a man couldn't see his way clear to livin' through August.

I went down to look for work again that afternoon. I tried the barrooms this time, an' the livery-stables, an' tried to get a job sweepin' streets; an' when all that failed, I set down on a curbstone an' looked at the people ridin' by in their carriages, an' wondered if 'twas the way the Lord intended it, that some should have everything an' others nothin'; an' almost scared myself with the curses that kep' comin' into my mind, when I thought how easy it would have been for them to help me—an' they wouldn't.

About four o'clock, as I was slouchin' along the street, I heard the fire-bell ring; an' the next minute the engines come puffin' through the street. There was a crowd of boys, an' women with shawls over their heads, an' men; an' I followed with the rest. The fire was in a barn, an' by the time the engines got there the downstairs was a solid mass of smoke.

I asked a man if the horses were all out, an' when he said "Yes," stood an' watched the firemen fix on the hose. Jest as the water begun to play, a woman standin' near give a cry.

"Oh," says she, "see that little dog lookin' out of the window ! There upstairs !"

He was a little yellow, half-starved thing, an' he stood an' pawed at the glass as if he knew his only chance was to break it an' jump.

"It's jest a stray dog," says a hostler. "Followed somebody up there, I s'pose, an' got the doors shut on him. Poor duffer !"

A girl about as big as Nell commenced to cry.

"Oh," she says, "can't somebody git 'im out? The fire hasn't caught in that room at all yet. See 'im look ! He's thinkin' some of us could run up an' unfasten the door, only we won't. Please, mister, can't you—?"

An' I started. It might have been jest her sayin' it, but it seemed to me that dog had the same thought in his mind as I'd had when I sit and watched the people go by in their carriages. In gen'ral, I'm an every-day, common-sense man; an' hold a man's life, with a wife an' child dependin' on him, too precious to be risked for the sake of a mongrel yellow dog. But jest for that minute it seemed the little critter had a soul, like folks; an' I took one long breath an' started in to save it. The smoke was so thick I couldn't see the stairs. I stumbled over 'em, an' then climbed up on my hands an' knees; an' when I got to the top I remember thinkin' I wouldn't ever live to git back. But it was a little clearer in the room where the dog was, an' as soon as I opened the door the little thing seemed to know what I come for, an' give a run right into my arms. I broke a winder with my fist an' got a taste of fresh air, an' then started back, a-gropin' my way down the stairs, blind an' dizzy an' gaspin', an' 'most givin' up at the last, till I felt a breath not quite so thick with smoke, an' knew the door was close by.

A few of the men raised a cheer as I come out, but the biggest part of the crowd didn't pay much attention; an'



when the fire died down they went away, an' left me sittin' on a pile of blankets that had been thrown out; for I'd breathed so much smoke it made me feel queer.

After a while I heard someone speak, an' looked up. There was a fleshy, good-lookin' man standin' by me.

"Well," says he, "ye come mighty near gettin' caught in that buildin', my man. Do ye save dogs for fun or from a sense of duty?"

I told him that I wa'n't fond of seein' animals suffer, if I could prevent it.

"Well, I'm not, either," says he, "but I didn't think I could prevent it. Ye look played out. Anything I can do for ye?"

An' then, of course, I asked him for work. I'd said the words so often they rolled off from my tongue like somethin' I'd learned by heart. But I knew from the start I wouldn't git anything from him, an' I had a queer feelin' as if I'd never say them again, either.

"No," he said, "I don't believe we can take ye. One of our men was taken sick a day or two ago, but we've decided we can git along without hirin' till he's better. Ever worked in a grocery store?"

I told him, "No; I was brought up on a farm. Late years I've worked in a shop."

"Oh, yes, one of Colton's hands. There's been two or three around lately; but you see we should want a man who understood the business, an' I've made up my mind to git along without extry help for a time, anyway. I'm sorry I haven't anything for ye. It can't be very pleasant to be turned out of a job through no fault of yer own."

He was nice enough, ye see; an' folks will tell ye how much good a sympathetic word does. But I watched him walkin' away, an' felt as if I'd got to the end of my rope,—nothin' to fall back on now, but that life-insurance policy. It give me a creepy feelin' at first, when my thoughts kep' strayin' around to that; but after a little the idea was sort of pleasant to me. May be my wife would feel worse at first about her husban's dyin' than she would about bein' on the town books

as a pauper; but there wouldn't be anything to be ashamed of in the first kind of grief. An' when my little Nell grew up, her dad havin' made a misstep one night an' fell into the river wouldn't be nothin' for people to find' out an' fling in her face.

I set there with my head in my hands, thinkin', till the clock struck six. I had it all decided then, an' I got up an' started for home. It wa'n't till I opened the door at the foot of our stairs that I felt somethin' snuffin' at my heels, an' saw the little dog I saved from the fire had followed me. I picked him up in my arms, an' opened the sittin'-room door with a rush.

"Any news?" asks my wife, all in a tremble, comin' out to meet me.

"News! I should think so!" I yelled, flinging up my hat. "Why, Nell, yer dad's a hero! Saved a dog's life! Cheers and applause! Asked to call around to-morrow an' see about a job! Good times ahead! Hurrah!"

It wa'n't very well done. I never had much practice in lies, ye see, but Nell brightened up in a minute. She made me sit over on the sofy by her, an' tell her all about the fire, an' how the little doggy looked, an' what the man I was goin' to work for said; an' I told her not to bother her little head with notions. The matter wa'n't decided yet, but the next day I'd tell her all about it. An' when I asked about supper, an' my wife said the butter was all out, an' she hadn't bought any meat that day, I commenced to laugh, an' kep' it up so long she got frightened an' thought I was losin' my mind. But somethin' I saw in her face quieted me. When—*that*—happened the next day, I couldn't have my wife always thinkin' I acted strange the last night, an' wonderin' if I did it on purpose.

I pushed my chair back from the table.

"Come now," I says, "let's all take a ride on the electric cars. We've been mopin' long enough; a little outin' will be good for us. Ye'd like to go, Nellie, wouldn't ye?"

"Oh, yes," says she, as pleased as if I'd offered her a fortune, "an' I'll take the dog. He's so little I can hold him

right in my lap, an' the carman won't see him. Can't I take the dog, papa?"

I told her "Yes," an' we started. Two women got on the crossin' after we did, I remember, an' we all shoved along to make room.

"See how full the car is," says one, "an' mostly workin' people. I was sure the reports of the sufferin' among them were exaggerated."

She was holdin' a long, knit purse, an' the thought come into my mind to snatch it away from her an' run. For a minute I had to grip my hands together; then I remembered the steppin' off the bridge would be surer, may be, an' there couldn't nobody call that a disgrace. An' all the while I was thinkin' it over I was talkin' with Nell, tellin' about the way I used to do on a farm: How I drove the cows, an' plowed, an' raked the hay. The air blew cool in her face, an' sent a pink flush there. On the way back my wife roused up a little, too, an' commenced to talk of the times when we went to school together, an' what everybody said an' did. An' I laughed and joked as if I hadn't a care in the world. But when we got to the house I helped 'em off, an' then stepped back onto the car.

"I'm a little nervous to-night," says I. "Guess I'll ride up here a ways, an' then walk back to quiet me."

My wife looked queer.

"Never mind, Jack," says she. "*Something* will happen," an' I see it all hadn't deceived her any.

As the cars started someone touched me on the shoulder. It was the man who had talked with me that afternoon.

"Thought I'd seen ye before," says he, "but I couldn't think who it was till I noticed the dog. Found a place yet?"

I said: "No, an' don't expect to."

"Say, I was thinkin', after ye'd gone, that I didn't know what was the use of us doin' all that extry work while the clerk was sick, as long as there was plenty anxious to take it off our hands. Now, ye're new to the business, an', of course, I can't pay fancy prices. But if ye want to come an' try it

for a while—probably till the shops open—it's only seven dollars a week, but—"

I turned round, then, an' caught hold of his hand. I told him what he said had saved my life—an' felt ashamed of myself for saying it.

"Oh, ye'd found a place somewhere," says he. "That yer little girl ye had with ye? She don't look very strong. Ought to send her out in to the country for a while."

"We'd been plannin' on it," I said, "but the hard times had stepped in to prevent."

The cars come to the terminus then, an' we got off.

"Well, good night," says he. "I suppose I'll see ye at six to-morrow—527 Main, the place is." An' then he added, a little as if he was ashamed of it: "If yer girl wants country air, there's my brother's folks live down Sconset way—big farm, plenty of milk, lots of children. My Jennie's goin' down next week. One more won't make any difference. Ye'd better plan it so yer little girl can go along with her, an' they'll have all the better fun— Why, hang it all, what ails ye? Come, I say, don't do that; brace up and be a man!" for when I tried to thank him there was a lump in my throat that choked me, an' I jest stood there, with the tears runnin' down my face.

I've been thinkin' a good deal about it since; an' it sort of seems—though I ain't a preachin' man nor a perlessor of religion—as if some trouble was jest sent to show what poor, miser'ble failures of livin' we'd make if there wa'n't nobody to oversee us. There I was, gropin' away by myself for weeks, growin' more an' more desperit every day, an' plannin' to git out of the world; an' all the time the Lord was seein' to everything, even to our goin' to ride an' takin' jes that car.

There's a story how our shops start up next month, an' the country's seen the worst of it. But what I started to say, an' what I believe, sir, is that there can't none of them writers nor editors nor folks that are fond of givin' advice tell how the workin' men feel over the hard times unless they've been through it themselves.

## LIST OF PAULINE PHELPS'S PIECES, CONTINUED FROM SECOND COVER PAGE.

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- STORY OF HARD TIMES, A.** Monologue. Pathos. 15 min. Man. Man tells pathetic story of when he was out of work with wife and sick child to care for. By saving a dog in a fire, he obtains the long-sought-for employment.
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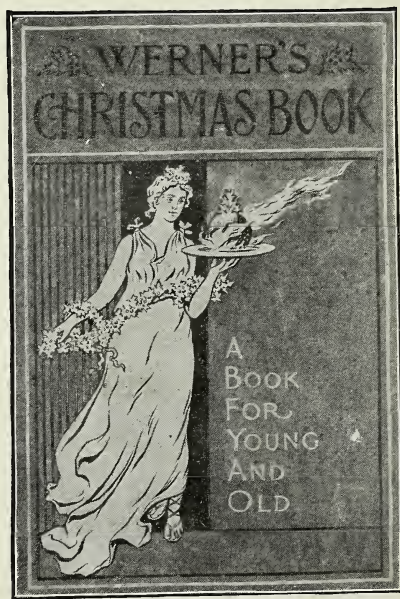
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**Billy's Animal Show.** Humorous recitation for a boy. 6 min. When his old-maid aunt's Turkey missionary lecture before the Little Mothers was delayed on account of railroad washout, boy secretly substitutes animal show of mice, rat, dog, cat, dancing-monkey and swearing-parrot; animals get loose, and break up meeting, resulting in interfering with aunt's matrimonial designs on missionary, boy's punishment by his father, and other disasters.

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the dining-room, upsetting various things, racket bringing in police.

**Daisy's Music Practice Hour.** Comedy Girl Monologue. Music specially arranged by A. J. Goodrich. 20 min. Ten-year-old girl interrupts her compulsory piano lesson with all sorts of excuses, protests and remarks. Piece can be expanded by various comedy effects. All the music is given.

**Deacon Slocum's Presence of Mind.** Monologue. Comedy. 10 min. Woman. Yankee dialect. Outstripped by women in putting out a fire a deacon (who has had much to say about men's superiority over women) ends a 20 years' courtship by proposing.

**Dumb-waiter Difficulty.** Acting Monologue for a Woman. 15 min. Girl gushes over engagement ring and over lover whose letter she reads while awaiting him to take her to concert. Mistaking janitor, mending door, for a dog, she blows pepper through key-hole; and, fearing janitor will vent his wrath on lover, she gets lover to come in dumb-waiter, which gets stuck; other occupants of house get involved with ludicrous results, lover in disheveled condition finally reaching her from fire-escape. Full lesson-talk by author.

**Family Plate.** Monologue Comedy. 8 min. Woman. Irish dialect. Women tells of ludicrous events resulting from getting ready and attempting to have her family photographed.

**Fire own's New Schoolhouse.** Monologue. Comedy. 12 min. Woman. Deacon's wife tells how neighborhood assemblies to vote whether it shall have new schoolhouse. After an exciting time, the first ballot being a tie, she slips out and bribes "Hermit Jim" to rush in and vote for a new schoolhouse.

**Her Cuban Tea.** Monologue. Comedy. 10 min. Woman. Hostess, being disappointed by grocer, serves strong cider to afternoon-tea guests, calling it "Cuban tea." They all get lively. Business given.

**How Mr. Simonson Took Care of the Baby.** Recitation. Comedy. 10 min. A father claims he can tend baby without half the fuss made by mother. He undertakes to quiet it and slaps child who shrieks. After many vain attempts he is compelled to hand child back to mother, to amusement of depot spectators.

# DAISY'S MUSIC PRACTICE HOUR.

## A CHILD MONOLOGUE.

Written by PAULINE PHELPS.

As Arranged and Read by BLANCHE FRIDERICI.

Music Arranged by A. J. GOODRICH.

Copyright, 1906, by Edgar S. Werner.

[Enter DAISY WRIGGLES, aged ten, with music book under arm. Business of going to piano, arranging stool, etc. Calls off stage.]

Yes, ma'am, I'm going to, right now. I think it's a shame to make me practice on a nice day like this, when all the other girls are out having a good time. [Opens music book and sits on stool with great deliberation.] I should think my mother would feel awfully sorry for me, but she doesn't seem to; she says I've got to practice half an hour. Well, I'll play fast, and maybe I'll get through quicker. [Plays "Finger Exercise" six times rapidly.]

### FINGER EXERCISE.



Reserve 15 April 46 Univ. Place, Bk. Shop

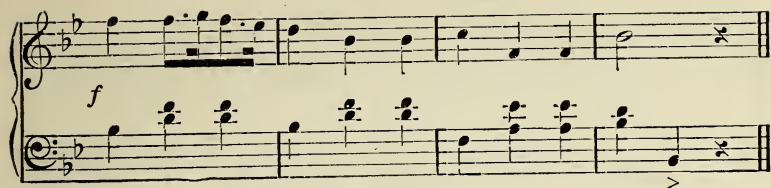


I've played that six times, anyway. [*Turns pages and plays "Holland Waltz" very badly, talking and playing simultaneously.*]

### HOLLAND WALTZ.

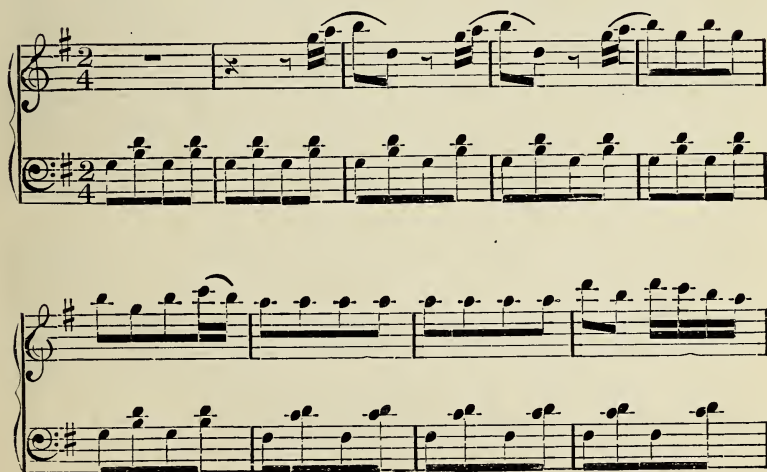
*Begin moderate, and play faster and faster.*



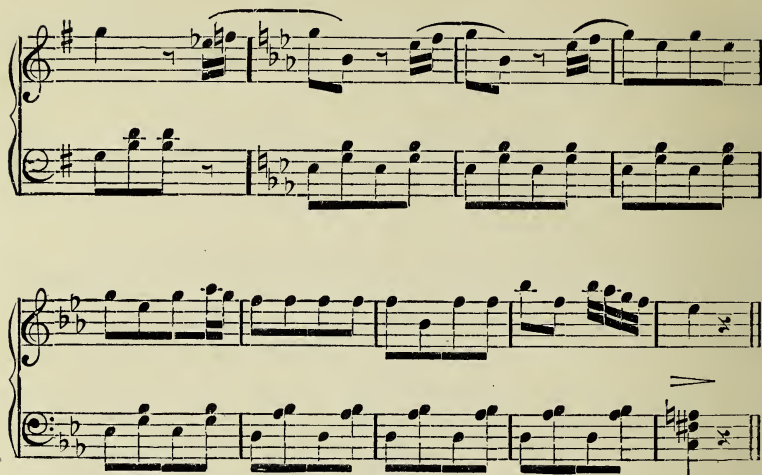


[Calls off stage.] Ma, if I play my lesson all through, will you take me to the circus, maybe? Oh, I wish you would, I haven't been to the circus not since the last time it was here. Won't you please? I don't like to count aloud; 't isn't good for my voice. Well, will you take me, if I do count aloud? [Delightedly.] Yes, ma'am, I will. [Turns pages and plays "Servant Girls' Chorus from 'Martha,'" counting in high childish treble voice, but showing absolute disregard for time and discords.]

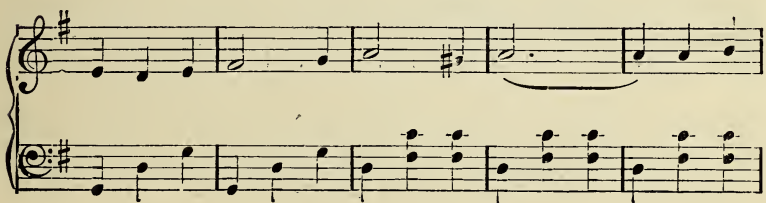
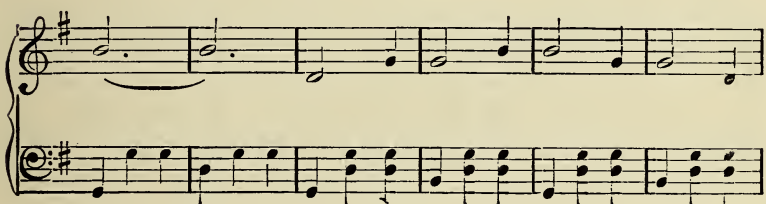
### SERVANT GIRLS' CHORUS, FROM "MARTHA."

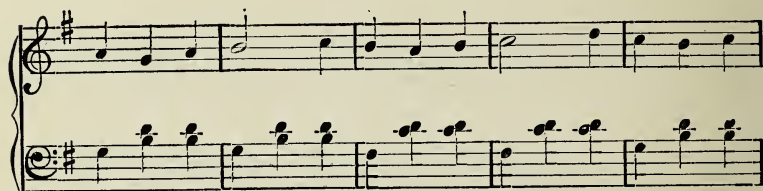
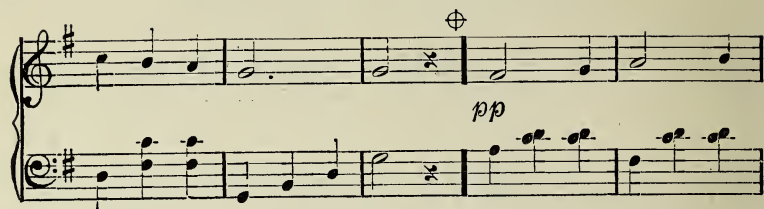






Oh, I just love to go to the circus. There's a man there, all dressed in white, with powder all over his face, and he's awful funny; then there's a boy on a horse, and he goes right through a hoop [*pantomime business*] just like that; then there's another man, and he's a sword-swallower. Why, he swallows a big long sword most six feet [*pantomime business*]. Just puts his head back and he swallows it right down, but it don't kill him. I know it don't kill him, because afterward he gets up, and [*business*] bows and kisses his hands to the audience just as nice as anything. [*Hurrying back to piano.*] Yes, ma'am, I'm going to. [*Business.*] I'm just practicing my Delsarte exercises. Oh, dear! I can't have a minute's rest. [*Plays following music, counting unevenly and playing discordantly; stops suddenly, listens, rises and runs to window (supposedly at right front of stage facing audience). Business of raising window and looking out.*]





⊕ After the *D. S.*, stop when convenient.

Oh, there's the organ-man, I must see if he's got his monkey. No, he hasn't. I haven't any pennies for you, I'm just listening, that's all.

[*Looking across street.*] Oh, there's Grace. Hello, Gracie, come here a minute, I want to tell you something. Where you going? No, I can't—I've got to practice. I'm most finished, though; will you wait for me? All right. What have you got in the bag? I guess I do like fudge, hand me a piece, will you? [*Business of leaning out window and taking candy.*] Sh! my sister's coming [*eating candy*]. Yes, I'll come as soon as I get through. All right, good-bye. [*Closes window hurriedly, crosses to piano and talks to extreme right, facing audience.*] Well, I guess I couldn't practice when the organ-man was there, could I? If I was a big sister like you, I wouldn't be so cross to my little sister [*sitting down and trying to appear much injured*] and listen to her practice all the time [*turning pages disinterestedly*]. Well, I can't keep time when you watch me, now. [*Pertly.*] Oh, I'm going to as soon as I can find it. *Turns pages and plays sixteen measures of following music, using loud pedal and playing very badly. Finish measure sixteen with a discordant bang and give following line immediately.* Well, my teacher says I've got to use the pedal. Oh, you can tell ma, if you want to [*continue playing through remainder of piece, speaking lines very clearly and not allowing them to be drowned by music*]; but if you do, I'll tell how you said good-night to Archie Hammond last Sunday. Yes, I do. I watched you over the banister, and you can see lots of things over the banisters. You said "good-night" twelve times. I know, 'cause I counted. [*Turns, faces sister at right front and discontinues playing.*]



The image displays four systems of musical notation for piano, arranged vertically. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system shows a melody in the treble and a block-chord accompaniment in the bass. The second system continues the melody with some grace notes and a fermata in the bass. The third system features a more active melody with slurs and a fermata in the bass. The fourth system ends with a forte (f) dynamic marking and a final cadence in both staves.

Oh, Alice! yes, you did; first you stood way off, like this  
[rises, and introduces burlesque business of good-night scene],  
and you said, "Good-night, Mr. Hammond, must you be going?"  
And he said, "Well, yes, I'm going to catch that car"; and then  
he kinder swallowed something down in his throat and he said,



"I've had a real pleasant evening, good-night." And then you tried to look so sweet, and your voice was so soft, and you said, "I'm awfully glad you have had a pleasant evening, Mr. Hammond." I just wish he could hear you talk to me sometimes! Then he took your hand and he said, "Good-night, Miss Alice"; and you said, "Oh, good-night, Mr. Hammond, there goes your ar'; and he said, "Well, let it go. [*With dramatic fervor.*] Call me Archie." [*Showing great delight at Alice's discomfiture.*] Then pa called from up-stairs and asked if that young gentleman was there yet. And Mr. Hammond—I mean Archie—he hurried out of that front door and down the steps like a flash, and you went up and told pa that poor Mr. Hammond had to wait so long for his car. Yes, you did, too [*walking toward piano*]. Well, I'll tell everybody I want to, so there. [*Turning quickly to sister.*] Yes, and I know Archie's little sister, and I'll tell her, too. [*Sits on piano stool.*] What'll you give me, if I don't? Some peppermints? Well, if you'll give me half a pound of peppermints and go away, and not bother me until I get all through practicing, I won't tell. [*Turning to piano and looking over shoulder as sister leaves room.*] You mustn't come back, not till I'm all finished. [*Delightedly.*] Ali right. I won't tell about that (but I'll get under the parlor sofa Sunday night). [*Turns pages of music book and plays following music with dreadful discord.*]



Ma says, she thinks I'll be a great musician some day, and pa says, he guesses the teacher'll be rich by that time. Teacher says, I've got the temper meant for it. Um, I haven't got a temper like she has, anyhow; she's as cross as two sticks, that's because she's an old maid, I guess. [*Discontinues playing.*] Oh, I'm getting

awful tired of practicing. Doctor says 'tisn't good to practice too much, anyway, 'cause you get St. Vitus's dance if you do. [*Suddenly.*] Oh! I must try my new song; it's the loveliest song, the tune came out of our school singing-book, but Billie Bumps made the words up out of his own head, and we sung them in school this morning, and teacher got awful mad, and she marked us all three demerits. [*Strikes a high note then a lower one.*] I have to find the key; guess that one fits my voice best. [*Plays following music with one hand, singing off key and finishing each verse with comedy effect.*]

*Slow.*



SONG.

A musical score for a song in 3/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature is one flat. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Our teach-er has a beau, His name we do not know,  
2. Our teach-er says that we Aw-ful a-sham'd should be

A musical score for the continuation of the song in 3/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature is one flat. The lyrics are as follows:

But he's a sight. We fol-low down the street And watch them  
To act like that. But, if we had a beau Like one she

when they meet, And say, "Oh, aint he sweet" most ev - 'ry night.  
has, I know That we should feel just so, and that's a fact.

(Sing 2d verse to the same music.)

[Calls off stage.] Yes, ma'am. Well, I'm going to play my scales right now. Oh, I just hate scales! [Plays scales dejectedly.]

R. H.  
L. H.

If you keep on practicing scales all the days of your life, you'll get to be a wonderful player after awhile [*finishing scale*], and then you don't ever have to comb your hair. I heard a man play once; he was an Irishman; I know he was Irish, because his name was Paddy something or other, and he played just like this [*imitation*].



Oh, if I could play a little louder, it would sound just like him. Dear, my fingers are most worn out—I've practiced so hard. [*Rises delightedly.*] Oh, the clock's striking [*closing book*]; my time's up; I don't have to practice any more to-day; wonder where I put my hat. [*Unconsciously.*] Sometimes I have good days practicing and sometimes I have bad days, and this has been one of my good ones. I must have left my hat in the other room. Ma, I'm all through practicing, may I go round to Gracie's house for a little while now? Yes, ma'am, I'll come home at dinner time. All right. Good-bye. [*Quick exit.*]

**Jolly Brick, A.** Monologue. Pathos. 8 min. Boy. Bowery bootblack tells story of his chum, "a jolly brick," who died in a fire to save the life of a "little cove he looked out for." Full of interest and pathos.

**Just Commonplace.** Recital. Patriotic. 10 min. In colloquial language, the self-deprecating narration about a real hero at Antietam, who could play only one tune—"The Star Spangled Banner"—on the fife, but that saved the day. Patriotic, pathetic and full of heart interest.

**Midnight Courtship.** Play. 1 Act. 1 m., 2 f., or Monologue. Comedy. 10 min. Young lawyer, annoyed by adverse newspaper criticism and fearful of having lost his first case and sweetheart, is made happy by her unexpected appearance at midnight in boarding-house parlor and by her announcing him as her fiancé, to prevent talk of landlady and boarders. Business given.

**Millinery Melee.** Monologue. Comedy. 10 min. Woman. Newly-married woman, who takes husband to help select a hat, is so upset by his meeting a former sweetheart that she not only fails to buy a hat, but directs suspicion to herself as shoplifter. Business given.

**Minister's Black Nance.** Recitation. Horse-race. 10 min. Crowd at country fair horse-race is shocked to see minister's horse enter race and to learn that, instead of minister's son, the minister's daughter is the driver, and wins the race.

**Old Benedict Arnold.** Recitation. Tragic. Revolutionary War. 15 min. Yankee dialect. Granduncle of Benedict Arnold boasts of bravery of the young hero, and gives spirited description of battle of Saratoga. "Benedict Arnold's turned traitor" is the post rider's news that interrupts, and the old man burns his quondam hero in effigy and himself leaps into the fire. Manuscript lesson-talk, \$1 extra.

**Reverend Mr. Tuffscrappen.** Recitation. 15 min. Flaming red-haired man combines tin-peddling and preaching; takes rebuffs good-humoredly, and by force of real ability and perseverance wins rich man's daughter for wife.

**Rosalind's Surrender.** Monologue. Patriotism. Romance. Illustrated. 15 min. Woman. A Virginia girl, whose ancestors fought for the Stars and Stripes, waves the Union flag as her Union lover goes by. Business given.

**Scorching vs. Diamonds.** Monologue. Comedy. 10 min. Woman. Whimsical old woman promises diamond necklace to grandniece whose conduct is most pleasing. The heroine, to cure aunt's headache, wheels to town for medicine, is nearly arrested for scorching and ends in a collision. Her victim falls in love with her and she gets the diamonds.

**Seven Ages of Man.** Pantomimed Poem. Burlesque. 15 min. Any number. Poem

by Shakespeare, pantomime by P. Phelps. Pictures infant, schoolboy, lover, soldier, justice, old man, very old man.

**Shakespearean Conference.** Play. Burlesque. 45 min. 4m, 5f. Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth, Juliet, Desdemona, "Miss Cawdor," Romeo, Hamlet, Macbeth and Shylock hold a conference to discuss "The Unpopularity of Shakespeare's Plays and the Remedy for It," and incidentally to increase and collect their royalties. A clever medley of Shakespearean language, modern slang and nonsense. Business given. Manuscript lesson-talk, \$1 extra.

**Spinster Thurber's Carpet.** Recitation. Revolutionary War. 10 min. Old maid, reprimanded for extravagance for buying a carpet while Continental troops are suffering at Valley Forge, puts committee to flight by her sharp tongue.

**Story of Hard Times.** Monologue. Pathos. 15 min. Man. Man tells pathetic story of when he was out of work with wife and sick child to care for. By saving a dog in a fire, he obtains the long-sought-for employment.

**Sweet-Girl Graduate.** Monologue. Comedy. 10 min. Woman. Graduating dress. Girl is rehearsing graduating essay when chums come, and there follows a mixture of high-flowing essay and school-girl nonsense; also a scene between girl and lover, just before she goes on platform to take part in commencement exercises. Business given.

**Telephone Romance.** Monologue. Comedy. Elocution Lesson. 10 min. Woman. Sitting-room with telephone scene. Girl passing through a fit of jealousy finally calls lover through 'phone to hasten to her house to protect her from a supposed mouse. Full business and lesson-talk.

**Thanksgiving Day at Grandma's.** Recitation. 8 min. Boy. Verse. Yankee Dialect. Boy tells of preparation for and good times on Thanksgiving at farm where his whole family go, and rejoices that he is only "a common boy," so he can enjoy "turkeys 'n' Thanksgiving" which "keep a-comin' ev'ry year." Elaborate lesson-talk by the author.

**Trial Performance.** Monologue. (Woman) or 1-act Play for 2f. Comedy. 10 min. Scene between theatrical agent and stage-struck country girl determined to get a hearing, and who inflicts samples of her acting on discomfited agent. Opportunity for a varied performance. Business given.

**What a Masquerade Did.** Romantic Comedy Monologue for a Woman. 15 min. Eligible society widow, jealous of attentions paid to stepdaughter, schemes to get rid of her by marrying her to a rich and elderly man; but, mistaking at a masquerade girl's real (and poor) lover for the other man, she opens way for lovers to elope; whereupon rich man proposes to and is accepted by widow.



# LATER PAULINE PHELP'S PIECES

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**Overalls Bridget.** Dramatic serio-comic woman monologue. Irish-woman unappreciated in ordinary dress is much admired in overalls while doing government work. She loves lame man sitting beside her, but believes him slacker, accepts attentions of foreman, Mr. Smith, learns from him he is German and she reports this information to employer. He seemingly pays no attention to her report. One day an explosion occurs. Smith is arrested and Bridget saves lame man and many others and learns lame man was injured in war before Americans took part in it. Clever, bright bits introduced. Very successful. 10 min.

~

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**Side Show, The.** \$1.00 in manuscript only. Phelps and Short. Just out. Clever, exceedingly humorous Monologue and duologue for a Barker who an-

nounces various exhibits present at Show with interrupting remarks of people present. The very stout lady also speaks.

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~

**Mrs. Moneymade's Fitting.** Phelps and Short. Humorous woman monologue. Newly rich, without culture, in getting fitted, woman out-malaprops Mrs. Malaprop in telling saleswoman in department store of European trip. Exceedingly funny misuse of words. Very popular. 8 min.

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Address the Publishers, **Edgar S. Werner Publishing & Supply Co., Incorporated, 43 East 19th Street, New York.**

# ROSALIND'S SURRENDER.

By PAULINE PHELPS.

Written for and given by Miss Jeannette Goodman.

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TIME: 1862.

PLACE: Virginia.

PRESENT: MISS ROSALIND HAMILTON.

SUPPOSED TO BE PRESENT: MRS. DAVENPORT, her aunt; PRIVATE JOHN SLOCUM, a Union soldier.

SCENE: A Southern sitting-room. Door, back; staircase, with rooms above it, center. Small stand at L., banjo laid carelessly on it. Table at R. center, holding basket with sewing materials, pieces of red and blue party dresses, and Confederate flag partly completed. Chair near by, facing front. ROSALIND discovered, talking off stage, back.

ROSALIND. Good-bye, Aunt. Have a nice time, and don't hurry back on my account. I'll find plenty to do. [*Comes to stage center.*] I thought I'd never get her away. [*Takes candle from shelf, lights it, and places it at left wing, on stand.*] I wonder if he's watching for it. [*Returns to center.*] If Aunt Rebecca knew a Union soldier was coming to call to-night she'd never forgive me, but I don't think it's policy to be uncourteous to our enemies—especially an enemy you used to make mud-pies with when you were little. [*Sits in chair, and picks up sewing from table.*] Of course I'm a



"I wonder if he's watching for it."





"Jack likes red roses best."



Southerner now—I'm making this flag to prove it. But my father was a Northern man, and my ancestors fought behind that old rail fence at Bunker Hill for the Stars and Stripes. Heigho! if other women get as mixed up in their feelings as I do, I don't wonder the men think we'd better keep out of politics. [*Suddenly puts down sewing, runs to vase of flowers on stand with banjo, selects red rose and puts it in her hair.*] Jack likes red roses best. [*Runs to window and looks out.*] He's dreadfully slow. I thought he'd be just straining his eyes for that light in the window. [*Coming down to center.*] A soldier ought to be more prompt. [*Piteously.*] Perhaps he's forgot all about it. [*Defiantly.*] I don't care if he has; I dare say I'll have a much pleasanter time here alone by myself. [*Sits down in chair by table, and heaves a deep sigh. Sews two stitches, glancing at the window between stitches. Lays down work.*] I've a good notion to take that candle out. [*Springing to feet.*] I will! [*Does so.*] Now if he comes he can just go away again—and he needn't think I'm feeling badly about it, either. [*Picks up banjo from stand and begins to sing lively song, stopping abruptly at end of first verse.*] I thought I heard a step. [*Hesitates, then gets candle and places it in window again. Rather shamefacedly.*] I—I don't care about his coming in, but I wouldn't want him to hurt himself stumbling over that broken plank. [*Sings next verse of song, adding dance steps, if fancied. Ecstatically.*] He's in the hall! [*Sings chorus, showing to audience by face and manner that she is aware of his entrance to the room. Turns suddenly, stopping music.*] Why, Jack, how you startled me! I'd forgotten all about you. [*Pause.*] Yes, Auntie's gone for the whole evening—if she don't come back. [*Pause.*] Oh, no; she's never made the least objection to your calling—I presume because it never entered her head you'd have the audacity to try it. You're awfully sober. Is anything the matter? [*Pause.*] Well, then, I wouldn't act as if there were, that's all. [*Sits down in chair beside table, and picks up flag.*] You'll excuse my sewing. [*Pause, then defiantly.*] Yes, it's a flag—a Southern flag, and I'm tearing up my old party dresses to make it for our boys to carry against the Northern foe. [*Pause.*] No, no, Jack, of course I don't look at you that way—I



"Would you come over to the South for my sake, Jack?"

couldn't, when I lived right beside you up in Connecticut till I was twelve years old—but you're different from the other Yankees. [*Commences to sew, showing by actions that she is embarrassed by observation. Unthreads needle.*] I wish you'd sit down! I never can do anything right when people are standing up staring at me. [*Pause; emphatically.*] Well, when our Southern men have something to say, they—say it. [*Pause; then, half-rising, agitated expression.*] No—no—Jack, don't—I didn't know you meant that—I didn't think you cared for me—like that. [*Impulsively, after slight pause.*] Yes, yes, but I do like you—you know that—only—have you forgotten? There's a great barrier between us. I am a Southern girl, and you a Yankee officer. [*Pause. Seriously.*] Would you? Would you change to the other side for the sake of—of a girl you loved? [*Pause. Very softly.*] You say you care for me. Would you come over to the South for my sake, Jack? [*Pause; then in different tone.*] Of course not—and I wouldn't have a bit of respect for you if you would. And don't you suppose a woman cares just as much for her country's good as a man for his? [*Slight pause.*] Oh, I know, I know—you think you are in the right, and if I'd have stayed up there I presume I should think so, too; but now I'm a Southern girl, with the Southern spirit [*holds flag with gesture above her head*] and this flag will never surrender to the North! You see, Jack—[*Starts suddenly, face expressing humorous agitation.*] Good gracious, who's that? Auntie, I'll be bound! [*Holding up finger warningly.*] S-sh-sh! Yes, it is; I hear her voice. [*Impetuously.*] Don't stand there staring—hide yourself—somewhere—anywhere—upstairs in the library—quick! [*Short pause. Indignantly, speaking as if JACK were half-way up the stairs.*] Oh, it's all very well to say you'd rather stay and face it out. It would only mean five minutes for you, but I'd never hear the last of it. Hurry, do—shut the door—[*Looks upward for a moment, hands clasped; then turns around.*] Whew! what a narrow escape. [*With sudden recollection.*] His cap—she'll see it in the hall! [*Rushes across stage and out at door, back, returning with soldier's cap. Begins to climb stairs.*] Here, Jack, Jack—[*Turns suddenly, as at some sound, sits down on stairs, and hides cap be-*



"S-sh-sh! Yes, it is; I hear her voice."



hind her.] Wh-wh-why, Aunt, is that you? [*Pause; humorous struggle for composure.*] No, you didn't startle me. Do I look—strange? [*Pause.*] Well, I'm sorry you think the position isn't becoming. I never felt more *captivating* in my life. [*Waves cap behind her. Aside.*] Dear me, how'll I get rid of it? [*With exaggerated interest.*] Auntie, I hope you didn't come back on account of my being here alone, did you? I wouldn't have had you do it for anything. [*Serious interest.*] No, I haven't heard any news? What do you mean? [*Pause. Intense.*] The Yankees have received marching orders—are planning to leave the town—to-night? I don't believe it. He'd have told me—I—I mean somebody would—"Marching orders to-night." That means a battle, I suppose, if—if it's true—and men are killed in battle. [*Pause; then in different tone.*] Yes, Aunt, our town will be free of them—oh, it's glorious news, glorious—only it took me by surprise. Yes, of course we must show our colors when the Yankees march by—I'll finish the flag—only—only you'll have to go away. I must be alone when I sew fast! [*Pause.*] No, no, no, I don't want you to help me. [*Pantomime of watching AUNT from room. Then turns toward staircase.*] Jack, Jack! She's gone! [*Stands at foot of staircase, with hands clasped. Intensely.*] Did you hear her? And it's true—you're going away to-night? [*Pause; attitude of despair.*] This is our parting? [*Pause. Subdued passion.*] Oh, Jack, you ought to have told me. You ought to have told me when you first came in. [*Piteously.*] There were so many things I might have said, and now—there isn't time—[*Short pause. Tremulous, but decided.*] No, no, I can't, dear, I can't! I can't promise to wait for you, I can't hope for your success, for you're fighting against my country, against the boys in gray, but—good-bye, Jack, and God bless you! [*Pantomime of watching him depart; sits down in chair by table for a moment or two; turns quickly, and begins sewing.*] What is it, Aunt? I'm finishing the flag. Something to help me out? [*Goes to door, returns with small packet in her hand.*] Oh, yes; thank you, Aunt—yes, I'll finish it—I'll have it done. [*Unwraps the packet, and brings out a United States flag, ragged as though torn by bullets and with a note pinned to the folds.*] It's a flag—a Union





"This is our parting?"

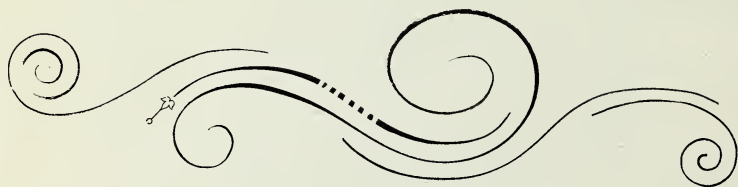
flag—the one my grandfather carried in 1812; and Aunt wants me to take the stars from that for this. [*Touches Southern flag. Then reads from note.*] “Jeffrey Hamilton, dying, bequeathes this flag as a precious legacy to his children and his children’s children, forever. May they be faithful to it and to their country.” [*Sits down, flag in hand.*] Jeffrey Hamilton was my grandfather—and my father, if he had lived, would have been fighting with the North to-day. [*Impulsively.*] Oh, I can’t tear that flag apart—I must find something else. [*Sees scrap of blue on floor.*] Here, this will do. [*Cuts square and begins to sew it in flag, very rapidly.*] “May they always be faithful to it, and to their country.” [*Sighs. Calling.*] Yes, Aunt, it’s almost done; I’m putting in the last stitches. [*Pause.*] Coming—are they coming? [*Listens.*] Yes, I hear the drums. [*Sound of drums may be introduced outside. Looks out of window.*] And there are girls waving Southern flags from almost every window. The South—the South—and no one for the North. [*Pause; turns impatiently, as if AUNT were talking to her in the same room.*] Yes, I hear you, Aunt. I couldn’t help it, unless I was stone deaf; but I don’t choose to agree with you, that’s all. [*Pause.*] No, I don’t consider them cowards. There are just as brave men among them as there are in our Southern army—I know it. [*Pause.*] Aunt, why can’t you be reasonable? They are fighting for what they believe is right, same as our boys in gray—and more than that, they’re fighting for the Union flag, the flag they love; the flag your ancestors and mine fought and died for, a hundred years ago. [*Suddenly turns back from window, and crosses to table.*] I know—I see them, Aunt—they’re passing the house—yes, yes, go on—go out on the balcony, if you like. I’ll do my part—I’ll wave the flag from this window, I promise you. [*Watches AUNT leave room, takes Confederate flag in hand; hesitates, stops, takes up Union flag. Half-whispers.*] But which flag. [*Repeats, half-unconsciously.*] “May they always be faithful to their country and their flag.” The stars and bars—the stars and stripes—[*Suddenly falls on knees.*] Help me to choose—which—which—[*Pause for a second; then “The Star-Spangled Banner,” supposed to be played by the Union troops marching past, is heard.*] ROSALIND



"The flag your ancestors and mine fought and died for a hundred years ago."

*springs to feet.*] My answer—the Star-Spangled Banner! [*Runs to window and waves Union flag frantically while tune is playing.*] I know which side is right now—I'm a Southerner no longer. I'm a Unionist—for the Stars and Stripes! [*Sound dies away in distance. ROSALIND turns to chair by table, sinks down in it, and begins to cry.*] They're gone—and Jack doesn't know—he'll never know—that his flag and mine are one. [*Suddenly turns; expression of amazement, of delight.*] Jack! [*Pause.*] Why, I—I thought you'd gone! [*Pause.*] Leave to come back—for a moment? Did you see me, Jack? [*Pause.*] Yes, it's a Union flag, and it means—it means—[*Wrapping flag in picturesque attitude about her.*] It means the South has surrendered to the North, Jack, and—I'll wait for you forever!

[*Curtain.*]



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# The Cook.

HUMOROUS MONOLOGUE IN IRISH DIALECT FOR A LADY.

BY PAULINE PHELPS.

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I AM *the cook*. An' it's not becomin' in any of thim second-handed girls or second girls or housemaids to be a-dressin' up in their silks an' satins an' pertindin' they're above me, for I'd not demane mesilf doin' the kind of work they hev to, unless 'twas out of the kindness of me heart. Says Mr. de Smythe when he come down to the office to hire me, says he, a-puffin' of himsilf out an' talkin' 'way down in his boots :

"Well, Bridget," says he, "what can ye do?"

Says I: "I can cook! An' if you're wantin' anybody to play the pianny an' entertain your guests, I'll say in the beginnin' it ain't the place I'm lookin' fur."

Says he: "Mrs. Reginald de Smythe wants a woman that thoroughly understands her position."

Says I: "Don't let that worry ye a mite. I am the cook, an' I understhand it, an' if the other folks in the house don't I'll bang it into their heads, thrust Bridget O'Flannigan for that."

Says he: "What wages do ye require?"

Says I: "Five dollars a week an' board an' three afthernoon<sup>s</sup> an' Sundays out, an' the use of the back sitting-room Sunday evenings to intertain me brothers, who might drop in to see me, an' anybody as wants to pass through must cough before they open the door, to save the feelin's of us both."

An' upon that he hired me, an' I took my place with his fam'ly, which was only himsilf an' wife; an' we got along without



a wurd, till one day the second girl comes to me with her face all drawn down an' says she:

"Oh, me stiddy, John Jones, has got an afthernoon off an' he's wantin' me to go down to Coney Island with him to see the sights."

Says I: "Well, what are ye snivellin' over it fur?"

Says she: "Because it ain't *my* afthernoon off, an' the mistress is expectin' Mrs. de Lancy to call on her an' I've got to sthay an' open the door."

Says I: "If that's all; go along. Juist give me your cap an' apron, an' I'll open the door mesilf."

Says she: "The missus won't like it."

Says I: "*I am the cook*; an' if I'll so far demane me position as to open the door for yez, it ain't fur the loikes of her to find fault."

An' that afthernoon when Mrs. de Lancy called I ushered her in in me best stoile, makin' a foine curtsey at the door, an' says I:

"Here's Mrs. de Lancy called to see ye, ma'am, an' I know ye'll be that tickled ye'll be ready to jump out of yer skin!"

An' says she, makin' a gesture fur me to git out of the way, which I didn't pay no attintion to, not bein' a lap-dog: "Dear Mrs. de Lancy, what a happiness!"

But the minute she was gone she wint fur me.

"Wan more such offinse as this will deprive you of your position," says she. "Your business is not to volunteer information or to wait upon callers. What Mrs. de Lancy thinks of *me establishment*, hivin only knows."

"Shure, ma'am," says I, "I wouldn't have meddled with it if it hadn't been that Mary wanted—"

"There, that will do. Me palpitation is comin' on again. In

future, if the prisidint of the United Sthates wants ye to open the door, tell him ye're the cook, an' refuse."

"Shure, if that's who ye're expectin'," says I, "I am a *Dim-mycrat*, an' wouldn't like no better opportunity than to sass him."

With that the conversation ended.

An' that night I shut the cat up in the dinin'-room (which was next to the missus' bedroom), for we'd been that pestered with mice I was goin' to clear thim out, an' wint to bed an' had the most illegant drame of bein' down to Coney Island with me stiddiest. We was a-waltzin' in the ballroom as foine as ye plaze, whin all of a sudden the bandmaster turned into a black alligator a-clutchin' me by the shoulder. "Murder!" says I. "Wake up!" says he. An' upon that I opened me eyes an' there was the chambermaid a-shakin' me.

"Come down-stairs, for hivin's sake!" says she. "There's burglars in the house, an' the masther is out to the club, an' the misthress is near goin' into hyster-i-strikes!"

An' whin I got down to her bed-room there was she an' Mary an' the second girl all up on chairs, an' from the nixt door was comin' a most awful rumpus, things crashin' an' smashin'—

"Oh," says the misthress, a-runnin' in the corner an' pullin' two chairs in front of her, "we'll all be murdered in our beds, an' thin Mr. de Smythe will be sorry he was too stingy to keep a butler. Haven't any of yez got spirit to do somethin' to save us? Oh, Bridget, open the front door an' yell for the perlice an' I'll raise yer wages! Oh, *darlin'* Bridget—

Says I: "*I am the cook*, an' I'd not open that door fur the prisident of the United States."

Just thin there come a tremendous thump an' crash from the dinin'-room, an' they all squealed together like hivin possessed,

an' upon that there was a noise at the front door, an' someone yelled:

"What's the matter in here? Let me in, I say."

"They're his conthrabands!" yells the misthress.

"Fire!" yells Mary.

"Perlice!" yells the second girl.

"Stop that! Open the door, I say If ye don't open it I'll break it in.

An' with that the latch gave way, an' two perlicemen, with their clubs, rushed into the room.

"Me preservers," says the misthress, "they're stalin' the silver."

"Where?" says they.

"In there," says she.

"Keep your club ready, Bill, to knock 'em if they try to rush. Now thin, come out here, ye thievin' blackguards!"

An' wit thath he opened the door a crack, an' out jumped—

"Hivins!" says the misthress, "it's the cat!"

Says I: "An' what else did ye think it was?"

"I believe ye knew it all the time," says she.

"I did," says I.

"I've a good notion to arrest ye, ye spalpeen," says she. "Oh, here's me palpitation comin' on again, an' me hair up in curl papers——Oh, why didn't you tell me, ye cruel, ungrateful——"

Says I: "*I am the cook*, an I was attindin' to me *own establishment*, an' if ye don't have a special woman to be openin' doors for yez, it ain't no place for me. I bid ye good day, ma'am."

An' I wint up-stairs an' packed up, an' hain't niver been there since.

An' now I've a situation in a hotel with sixteen chambermaids, an' *I am the cook* an' run the place.

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